

The **AUTHOR** & **JOURNALIST**

OCTOBER, 1943

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ADDRESS

MOSTLY PERSONAL

By JOHN T. BARTLETT, Co-Publisher



John T. Bartlett

I imagine that many A. & J. readers, coming on Roger Sherman Hoar's reference to Kipling's "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" (page 11), will do as I did when I read Mr. Hoar's manuscript. I turned to my Kipling and re-read the ballad. The editor's note above it explained, "This ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American Pirate. It is founded on fact."

But the far more interesting genesis of the verse, told by Mr. Hoar, is quite amazingly verified by the text. I quote below the final lines, calling attention to one which I have italicized. Besant, Hardy and Black were the three famous authors who defended the American pirate publishers.

"We are paid in the coin of the white man's trade
—*the bezant is hard, ay, and black.*

"The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling
and the Orang-Laut

"How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
robbed in a Christian port;

"How a man may be robbed in Christian port
while Three Great Captains there

"Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag—to show
that his trade is fair!"

A bezant is a gold or silver coin. Besant, Hardy and Black are further identified in the opening lines of the ballad, the first as "Admiral of the North from Solway Firth to Skye," Hardy as "Lord of the Wessex Coast," and Black as "Master of the Thames from Limehouse to Blackwell."

For the best fantastic short-short story (1000 words) fitting the picture on our cover this month, *Amazing Stories*, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, will give \$1000 in maturity-value war bonds. If the winner is a member of the armed forces, any branch, the award will be \$2000 in bonds. Closing date of contest is November 10, 1943.

Ray Palmer, managing editor of the Ziff-Davis Fiction Group, reveals interesting experience with the basic idea. He writes: "Having writers do their stuff around an illustration already in the house isn't new with us. We originated the idea several years ago when our art director saw some sketches by a new artist, and had him bring in a finished drawing. The director bought it.

"It was a good illustration. Experimentally, I turned it over to Author David Wright O'Brien. He wrote a story to fit which was so good I began to wonder if using illustrations as inspiration for authors might not produce consistently good yarns. Another advantage of the plan—artists would be able to picture the things they had in their own minds, without the necessity of following some author's perhaps not very clear description of a scene. The net result would be freedom of imagination both for author and artist. I extended this policy to covers as well as interiors, with great success.

"When we decided to have a dollar-a-word contest, we hit on the idea of using an illustration as a spur to the contestant's imagination. Also, we wished to locate authors with the ability to cleverly twist an ordinary situation into something novel. Everyone will admit our contest picture requires this.

"Frankly, we don't expect a great flood of manuscripts, even with the attraction of a dollar a word

(in bonds.) But we do expect to uncover half-a-dozen lads (or lassies) who have something in their heads other than obvious ideas. Such people will fit in with some rather broad plans we have in mind for the future. We really mean it when we say *everybody* has a chance to win. We have a hunch somebody we never even heard of is going to excite us in this contest.

"Just as an example, some time ago Artist Robert Fuqua painted a cover for us which he called 'Doorway to Hell.' It was just that—a doorway leading down into hell. It happened that on the same day, a West Coast writer, Frank Patton (who frankly admitted he never had made any sales), dropped in to visit us. He saw the cover, heard there was no story for it. All he said was, 'I'll have a manuscript on your desk in a week. Do with it what you will—I've got to write that story!' Well, the rest is history, as far as we're concerned. Our readers even to-day rank that story among the best five we have ever published. Patton has become one of our aces."



Catharine Barrett's novelette, the cutting of which she describes in her article in this issue, was "What Kind of Girl Was Julie?" published in the May *Cosmopolitan*. Mrs. Barrett contributed "Fiction from Fact" to the December, 1941, A. & J., "Show Us, Don't Tell Us" to the June, 1942, issue. She lives in Topanga, Calif.



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LETTERS

To University Library

A. & J.:

... I was on the first mailing list of Mr. Hawkins for *The Student Writer*. Three years ago, when I moved my home, I gave my old copies to the Library of the University of Oklahoma. ...

ZOE A. TILGHMAN.

3130 N. Barnes,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Luck Question

A. & J.:

I cannot understand why anyone who has ever tried to make a living in this highly competitive world should be so greatly distressed by Miss deFord's article on "Influence and Luck."

Everything she says is true. We've all had similar experiences. But may I remind Mrs. Byers and Mr. Kramer, whose letters were published in the August issue, that we have precisely the same experiences in any other line of work? Human nature being what it is, we all prefer to deal with friends instead of strangers—provided other things are equal. I firmly believe that if two writers offer similar material and the article by the stranger is better than the one by the editor's friend, the editor will say "whoosh!" to friendship and buy the better story. He'll have to, if he expects to hang onto his job!

You don't have to live in New York, you don't have to have letters of introduction, you don't need any sex appeal, and you need not be a combination of Willa Cather, Faith Baldwin and Vicki Baum. All you have to do is write as well as you possibly can, upon subjects that the average person is interested in—and this is actually easier than it sounds. I know, for I've made my living for over 15 years wholly with my writing, but

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without benefit of influence, with no special kind of luck, and (whisper), with very little talent!

How do I do it? By hard work, and by carefully fostering friendships with editors.

And how is the latter done? Well, in various ways—nearly all of which are covered by two words: courtesy, and consideration.

JULIETTE LAINE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A. & J.:

I have read and re-read Miriam deFord's article in the July *Author & Journalist*. Believe it or not, it is one of the most inspiring and helpful articles I have ever read.

One or two, writing in the August issue of A. & J., found the article depressing. But I think they'll change their minds, after they've pondered it a while.

The other morning I was aroused out of sleep to answer the doorbell. A telegram was handed me. It was from an editor telling me he liked my story very much! And how long do you suppose I'd been trying to sell that same story? Well over four and a half years!

The other day I sent out a story I wrote twelve years ago! I'm trying to sell four books now. I repeat, Miriam deFord's article was most inspiring and helpful.

BENNETT L. WILLIAMS.

955 Brush St. (9),
San Francisco, Calif.

►Most readers liked Miss de Ford's article, reports Mollie Adams, whose business it is to know. She is A. & J. poll director.

Horrid Truth

A. & J.:

"Recipe for Murder," by Anna Mary Wells, in your August issue, is very interesting—but she dodges the financial returns. She should explain that a mystery novel for the circulating libraries pays from \$150 to \$225, averaging about ¼ cent a word.

What an author should do is to try the kind of material that may sell serial rights, in which there is some real money. As it is, Miss Wells' remarks on "pencuniary rewards" are vague and valueless. I sold a mystery novel for \$1400 to Maclean's of Canada a year and a half ago, and it not being a who-killed-Cock-Robin item exactly, circulating libraries passed it up. If I had been given the choice, would I have exchanged the "prestige" of book publication at one-seventh the financial returns? Of course not. I wish writers, supposed to inform, wouldn't dodge what is so interesting—the actual money facts. I'm sure your readers feel fooled after reading statements that evade with generalities.

Let me add that my serial sale wasn't even in the money—not to be compared to the many grands paid by the high spots. I'm merely saying that ¼ cent a word is lousy pay for one who tries to make a living freelancing, and no doubt Miss Wells was just plain ashamed to mention it. Don't come back at me with Gardner, et al., who have regular publishers who sell at \$2 before any second circulating library sales. A circulating library publisher sells a few hundred copies at \$2, then sells at 75 cents a copy to the rental outlets. On royalty, or direct sale, the returns are as I state. Except for vanity or "prestige" (unless you have serial sales or the manuscript is a dud) it just isn't enough cash return.

No sour grapes, friends. I've had several books out under nom de plumes for circulating libraries and speak from experience—as does Miss Wells—only I'm telling the horrid truth.

JOHN WILSTACH.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

►Thank you, Mr. Wilstach, for the data on the circulating libraries, and your suggestions to writers. We agree that \$150 to \$225 for a book manuscript is shameful pay. Something should be done about it. Have readers any ideas?

Incidentally, the reviews Miss Wells' latest book ("Murder by Choice," Alfred A. Knopf) is receiving, indicate she will have no cause to complain of her "financial returns" from it—besides "prestige," which already is substantial.

□ □ □ □

Better Living, 570 5th Ave., New York, which was dropped from our last Quarterly Market List, is still being published, but simply as a service bulletin to users of Sonotone audicles. It no longer provides a market. "The change in status was brought about by war conditions," writes Gene Ellinger of the Educational Dept. of the Sonotone Corporation.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

October, 1943

SCISSORS—AND THE STRENGTH TO USE THEM

... By CATHARINE BARRETT



Catharine Barrett

My agent wrote me: "*Cosmopolitan* has bought your story, but due to space limitation, must have it cut to 14,000 words"—and the story was 27,000.

Eight days to cut it—in half.

Last year they bought a 4000-worder and themselves cut it to 2500. So I knew how ruthless they could be. If I didn't do it, they would. I might as well sit down with carbon copy

and scissors and go to work.

Scissoring, I call it. And it's the most helpful technique I've ever acquired.

If I go over a manuscript with a blue pencil, I can cut so much and no more. The original sequences seem essential. But if I cut the thing to shreds and mix them up and look them over, I am amazed at how much "indispensable" material finds its scrappy way to my wastebasket.

Such a cutting job as this particular one for *Cosmo* requires, of course, as much rewriting as actual cutting. Scenes that have been developed in full must be indicated by a single paragraph, or their essential elements must be included in another scene.

Let us say I have five scenes between Julie and Lillian. I shall have to get along with two. I clear my work table of everything but those five scenes. With my scissors, I separate the "business" passages from the dialogue. One scene took place in a bedroom, one in a car, one in a dressing room, two at the club. On a large masonite board, I pin these groups of "business":

... she said, curving her arm around the steering wheel.

Julie reached for the doorhandle, set one foot on the running board. . . .

She stepped lightly to the curb.

... said Lillian, throwing in the clutch, etc.

That's one group; the others, of similar type, are sorted according to setting or locale.

Next I separate the statement-and-response sections of dialogue. Into one pile go all the sections that must precede Julie's return to her husband; into the second go those that come after the return; the third pile contains material that might be in either.

One pile at a time I spread out the tidbits of paper before me. "This must be kept"; "This goes to the wastebasket"; "I question the necessity of keeping this." The first stay on my table, the second are disposed of permanently, the third go in a box across the table which I have marked with a question mark.

I go over carefully the ones that must be retained. I find that I have unwittingly expressed the same general idea in different ways in two of the five scenes. I compare the two, side by side, determine which expresses the essential idea with the greater clarity or conciseness; discard the other. Or I may rewrite, combining the best features of both.

I come upon a paragraph I had believed to be so integrated that I could not scissor it; but now, away from its original setting, I go over it six, ten, a dozen times, and I see it can be separated; one idea can be included in a dialogue passage above, the other expressed more briefly in the narrative of a later paragraph.

Standing against the wall next my desk are large masonite boards. On these are general headings: SCENE IN HOSPITAL, AT HOME PRECEDING SEPARATION, BOARDING HOUSE, GORDON RETURNED, etc. I make a tentative collection of the material that must come under these headings. On a General Board, I put material that must come during course of story but cannot yet be allocated. Also I have such headings as the names of the characters where I put all the little separate descriptions. Under GORDON, I would have:

his lithe step, the smile white in his sun-browned face . . .

he said, glaring at her . . .

like a small boy, off for a holiday . . .

swinging back across the floor, head high, eyes smiling.

These I have cut from their original moorings where they had been part of the first organization, and I still feel they can be useful in visualizing the char-



"Instead of rejection slips, we present suggestive gifts, in your case—a match!"

acter. There is a heading marked DESCRIPTION, which includes weather, scenery, rooms, houses, streets, etc., and one called SET-UP, which is the factual material that must be included: the jobs, the parentage, hometowns, relatives, schooling, etc. The one title EMOTION includes all the necessary explanations—of love, suspicion, dislike, fury. These go into order where possible, keeping the more intense or the more dramatic for the later sequences.

... she wondered, faint with sickness ...

She must not jump to conclusions, she told herself.

Julie could feel the old magic of his charm trying to reach her.

They had had quarrels before, but this was different. There was a cold stern feeling inside her that troubled her.

Julie had begun to say to herself, though she hated herself for her suspicion, ...

"Gordon," she said aloud, and her voice was hollow and unsteady, "Gordon, I hate you."

Oh, it was hopeless. Julie closed her eyes.

Her face was flaming. She hated him now—bated him.

Happiness began to seep into Julie's blood, very timidly, venturing in.

Yes, it was her responsibility; she had to give him his chance, she had to help him.

... trying to think it through. She was trembling and her mind wandered endlessly for a while.

But somehow it wasn't the same; she felt wooden in his arms.

As I start the actual typing of the re-write, I shall find the places to slip in these parts. In the meantime I read them over and over till I am so familiar with them that my eye flies to them for the exact wording when I come to a place that they can fit.

Often I juggle squibs and lines and phrases so much that I become confused. At such times, I always despair, I always think "I'll never get them in any sane order!" But I put them together the best I can, perhaps even typing them into a tentative sequence. Then when I go back to the manuscript later—the next day, the second day, maybe weeks or months later if I'm not being rushed—I see them

with a new eye, with fresh vision, and I can tell where I have failed to get the necessary progressive and smooth development, and I rearrange them.

In particularly complicated scenes, I have spent as much as three days with the squibs for only the one scene, arranging and rearranging, cutting, re-wording, penciling in transitions. Sometimes even then not getting the form into which the scene will go in final draft. Yet every rearrangement clarifies a point, cuts down wordage of a passage, finds a more exact term, or in some way contributes to the crystallizing of my own perception and to the lucidity of my presentation.

I find my greatest difficulty to be with the scenes where, in dialogue between characters, I must give the essence of the psychology, the philosophy, the moral issue which is to me the heart of my story, its reason-for-being. My inclination, my desire (and usually my first writing of it), is to explain all in terms of universal law, of scientific analysis. To get it from that abstract, recondite, "thick" form into natural, easily comprehensible dialogue, is a real job. For a single 100 to 300-word interchange, I have often written as many as 5000 words, experimenting with phrases, paring down to bare essentials, attacking from new angles, informalizing verbiage. In "The Furious God," a short novel which *Cosmo* published, there was a scene in which the old blind doctor explained to Anthony the psychological fact of superiority-inferiority balance, and gave a constructive philosophy in actual application to the problem confronting Anthony. These facts were behind the whole story, which was originally written as a suicide story with the psychological causes revealed. I longed to give them in great detail in the revised form—but it wouldn't be fiction. I worked for weeks on that scene, off and on. I felt, of course, that in its final form it was too slim, too spare; but at least it got over the most important points without losing the fictional quality.

When I come to a scene like this, I write dialogue passages at different times, hitting on the various angles of the problem or doing new wording of the old angle. These I type (I write everything long hand first), cut apart, and tuck away in a folder till I can come to them with a new eye. I then juggle them around on my table, throwing out the obviously stuffy or inadequate ones; I search out repetitions, select the most desirable of the different attempts, and discard the others. What are left, I judge for simplicity, effectiveness, clarity, completeness. Finally I have on my board under such a heading as CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN JANE AND JOHN the pieces I have retained. How many times I'll reword or change the order of these, is merely a matter of when they finally satisfy me as being an adequate presentation of my idea.

When I have the story in these shreds, with all eliminations possible made, I go to work on synopses, outlines, charts. This results in my getting a clear, succinct, compact, single view of the story; it simplifies issues and points up the logical progression of the story action and of its emotional pattern. I synops-size in 100 words, in 25 words, in the form of Basic Plot; I list scenes with their emotional values so as to be sure the intensity increases. I decide what scenes can be tucked in as retrospect with the greater brevity allowed by retrospective handling; I number these scenes; and sometimes with colored crayons I put the corresponding numbers on previously unallocated squibs, bits not yet posted on the board, or those Description or Set-up squibs on the General Board. I may mark one of them "I or IV," and while working on scenes I and IV shall check for the most effective spot.

With the story in its simplest form thus firmly in mind, I start typing. I commence with the scene I've chosen for my opening, copying from the squibs under that heading, utilizing wherever possible the characterization or descriptive bits, or the passages from the SET-UP and EMOTION groups.

If, as is so often the case, the shorter story starts in what was the middle of its earlier forms, you have to use the former first scenes in brief cut-backs. But from those you have to take the introductory set-up material and slip it into what was a later scene and is now your reader's introduction to the characters, the locale, the situation.

By the time this draft is complete, the boards should be bare. I have removed the squibs as I used them. If some still remain, I check over the manuscript for a place to insert them, perhaps just pinning them onto the page where they are to go. Or I leave them till the thing has settled a bit, till I can judge if they may not be entirely omitted.

I check over my "?" box, and consider whether or not any of those bits are needed. Then I get my loving, long-suffering husband to read the draft for discrepancies, inconsistencies, obscurities. If I have to do much after that, I take it to one or two writer-friends for a fresh view of it; and when they have read it, I ask, "Is this clear? Did you get this from it?" etc. Maybe I have cut too much; maybe I have to reinstate some of the discarded material.

It is cut now, it is 14,000 words. It is pared to the bone, I believe, and cannot be cut another word. . . . But *Cosmo* gets it, and out comes another 2000 words under their blue pencil. No matter how you

flinch and grind your teeth, and scissor, there's always something else that your publisher can do without.

People often ask me, "Doesn't it hurt to have your stories cut like that?" Yes, it does, and yet you learn so much when you see what the editors consider the only essential elements of your story. . . . Especially if you're like me, with my kind of mind.

Let me explain myself somewhat. I do it with the hope that it may encourage those who despair of learning the necessary economy and order and reorganization of modern magazine stories. If ever anyone was an unorganized thinker, it was I. In school, I never could do an outline. Start me off on a subject and I'd ramble for thousands of words. Selling difficulties forced me to acknowledge the absolute necessity of tight organization and single compact form. I have sweat blood over stories that were determined to develop not only the one main theme, but half a dozen others. To this day, I fight bitterly against my inclination to tell six or a dozen stories with every one I start; I have to yank myself back from by-paths, side-issues, sub-threads. Even yet it hurts; even yet I waste hours arguing with myself about the essentiality of slightly off-trail material. But I end up by throwing it away. I may do it reluctantly, lamenting, complaining, cursing, but I do it. I have learned to praise the gods for scissors and the strength to use them. It's been the difference between selling and sitting here in my study, inundated with written words that no editor would take.

And I say to you, if I can do it, after my helter-skelter approach to writing, you can do it too!

HUMOR IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY

. . . By THOMAS THURSDAY

NOAH WEBSTER talking: "Humor-*n.* wit; merri-ment; the tendency to look at things from the mirthful or incongruous side," etc., etc., and even etc.

You will note that Dr. Webster very wisely failed to mention just *what*, precisely, made people laugh. Nobody can tell that—and I'm not dope enough to try. However, I'd like to take a shot in the dark, viz., humor is whatever makes *you* laugh. The same wheeze, story or anecdote may not win a grin from Winston Churchill, but assume the story is about Adolf Hitler being forced to eat a large platter of kosher—well, *that* should get a smile from the Prime Minister.

Again, humor, it is fair to say, is relative. Example: You are walking down the street. Along comes Madame Veddy Social, of the Cabots-Speak-Only-to-God circle. It is Easter. Madame is really dressed and she has bedecked herself to be seen and, what's more, she intends to be seen. Her head is high and her gait is exactly what both Emily Post and Elsa Maxwell have recommended. Madame does not see the banana peel. Her right foot lights on it and Madame's daintily-shod feet go up in the air and she lands grotesquely.

To you, that is funny. To Madame it is tragedy.

Let us put that in reverse: *You* are walking down the same street. You do not see the banana peel. Your feet go up and you land on your sit-spot. Well, what is funny about that? That has happened to me and my immediate thought was to kill all who were so silly as to think it funny.

What, then, is the place of humor in the magazines today? If we are to believe the editorial gents presiding over their destinies, they are massaging their bald spots trying to find humorous stories. Just recently I received a note from Kathryn Bourne, fiction editor of *Liberty*. Said Miss Bourne: "We are interested in humorous stories when they are good. They are very hard to write, as you probably know, and we shall be glad to have you let us see what you have. I hope it proves to be something we can find a place for in *Liberty*."

And Leo Margulies, editorial director of the Standard-Thrilling group of sports books, told me: "Humor stories are very hard to get. I'd like to have one in every issue."

Said Bob Lowndes, who edits Columbia's four sports mags: "One humorous yarn, at least, should be in each of my sports books—and I try very hard to get them. They are very scarce."

They are scarce. And if you can write humor, now is the time to cash in. I never attempt any other kind of yarn if I can possibly incubate a tale of humor. It is sure-fire and the check is practically in the bank. Too, there is practically no competition.

Now, what is the basic difference between the humor tale and the straight dramatic? None! And I do mean none. If you know the mechanics for the manufacture of a dramatic story, you automatically understand the machinery of the humorous yarn.

Only the slant is changed—and right there is where you will probably have some trouble.

First, you must have a sense of humor. Them's fighting words. Tell anyone that he has no sense of humor and he is liable to smack you down. But, the fact is apparent—too many writers have absolutely no sense of humor—and this, I regret to say, also applies to some editors.

Humor, and especially that rarest of all gifts, spontaneous humor, is a gift at birth. It comes as standard equipment, like your heart and kidneys. You either have it or you have not. If you have not, stick to dramatic stuff. You will have fewer headaches and so will the editors.

Of course, all editors are sure they have a fine sense of humor, but in this, as in many other things, they differ widely. Often I have yarns rejected by one editor and immediately accepted by another. More, the guy is liable to write, "This is the best I've seen from you. I got many laughs."

At such times I'd like to take that note and pass it on to the other lad. Brother, there ain't no pay dirt in that! The rejecting editor will probably see it in the pages of his hated rival and consider that editor a dope for accepting it. Meantime, you have the check and have bought bonds. Case closed. He who laughs last, gets the check.

You will note that I have been stressing sports stories. I do so because I have found that the sports field is the biggest market. I am speaking of the pulp field, exclusively. Slicks have a market all their own and also a type of humor that the average pulp reader would consider very quaint indeed.

For the pulps, you can go in for broad burlesque and sizzling slapstick. The highest paid and greatest writer of funny sports tales was the late H. C. Witwer. His stuff was nothing but burlesque and slapstick and *Collier's*, for one, paid Harry as high as \$3,500 per short.

Now, let us see how humor functions in a story. First, you will be amazed, as I was, when I found that there is but a thin line separating drama and humor. For instance, you can take "King Lear," give it a twist here and there and make a bum out of one of the greatest dramatic tales of all times. Yes, you really can. Take "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for another example. This tale of Mrs. Stowe is credited with starting the Civil War. It was taken very seriously, so seriously that thousands of men blew the heads off one another. But—give that old opus a yank in the direction of humor, and what happens to it? For one instance, Little Eva is ascending to Heaven. She is going up, up, up. Some guy yells, "Third floor—ladies panties, brassieres and dresses!"

Goodbye, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." You see what I mean? It's all in the slant, the viewpoint. Time and again I have taken one of my detective plots supposed to be highly dramatic and serious and, via the humorous twist, sold it for a funny tale.

Where do I get my plots for humorous yarns? Why, bless you, that is as simple as a Nazi brain—or lack of same. I get them where other writers get their serious, dramatic plots. Ergo, my humorous plots, in the overwhelming main, are basically high dramatic themes. There is very little difference between the humorous and the dramatic plot. It's all in the twist, the angle, the viewpoint.

I bat home that point because the average would-be writer of humor goes nuts trying to figure out a positive humorous theme in the beginning. Naturally, there are straight funny themes, or plots, but why go crazy trying to hatch them? Grab yourself a bushel of dramatic liverwurst and slant it down Grin Alley.

My own method of carving out humorous tales is somewhat odd—at least, so they tell me. I get my

title first, then wrap it up in a complete story package. I rarely have the energy to think out a completed plot, and then head it with a title. Moreover, I seldom see the end or even the middle of my yarn until I've written about five or six pages. What happens? I am not privy to the mysteries of my mind, but I do know that for 29 years I have worked the same method. First, title—second, plot. In short, one thing leads on to another. For those of you who have great trouble in formulating the complete plot before you start writing I suggest you try my system. You may be surprised how one word, one incident, leads to another and, finally, a well-rounded story.

Ofttimes an editor will be gracious enough to suggest a theme. (Not the completed plot, understand). I always welcome such suggestions and would like to have many more.

For instance, the aforementioned Bob Lowndes suggested that he would like to see a story about a boxer who is allergic to leather. This assignment appealed to me—it certainly had fictional possibilities. So I set to work and first came the title—"The Leather Sniffer." All I needed now was a plot. So I started to write. I began with a character who was from a small country town and came to New York to become a professional boxer. In his first fight his manager noted that he did not care for gloves in his face, especially around his nose. The boxer explained that he could not stand the smell of leather. This was a new one on the manager. Imagine a boxer who did not care for the sniff of leather! So what now? Very soon other fighters became wise to the fact that he could not stand gloves under his beak. As a matter of fact, it made him lose all interest in the business at hand.

Now, the manager had a problem—so did I. What to do? The manager knew a druggist who had a suggestion, viz., the manager should spray the gloves of all the boxers' opponents with *potassium sulfurat*. A very, very smelly item. The idea was to kill the smell of leather. It not only worked but the boxer actually enjoyed the smell. More, the stink was so bad that it almost killed the opponent. So far, so good. Now, where do I go from here?

Well, after the boxer began to win so many fights that he was talked of as a contender for the crown in his division, some bright manager got wise to the stinkeroo system. Came the night when he was to fight the Main Guy, the champ. On that night the boxer's manager examined the gloves as usual and, as usual, rubbed on the stinkeroo. But that night, also, the manager had a severe cold in the head and could not smell even Hitler.

The boxer was knocked flat in the first round. From punches? Nope—from the smell of leather. Why? Because the champ's manager sneaked into the dressing room of the contender, emptied out the *potassium sulfurat* and substituted plain water. That's all, folks.

Lowndes bought the yarn by return mail and it appeared in the April *Sports Winners*.

You may now very properly ask what is the market for such stories. The answer is—hot! You can even sell borderline stuff—but don't think you can make a habit of it. Give the readers your best. Always remember it is the reader who makes or breaks a writer. Any scribe, however big, who thinks otherwise, is just whistling in a blackout.

So, wade right in—the market's fine!

(Thomas Thursday, of Miami, Fla., contributed his first article to A. & J. over 20 years ago. He has been a prolific writer of humorous and other fiction for many years.)



ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
RANCHO DEL PAISANO
Temecula, California

August 5, 1943.

A. & J.:

The courts of this country are flooded with lawsuits, caused, for the most part, because some darn good lawyer disagrees with some other darn good lawyer. So, after reading Roger Sherman Hoar's "Marked Cards in Literary Contests," I have to pull up the old dictating machine, and put in my two bits worth.

Mr. Hoar is an attorney. He is also an author. What I have seen of his work in both fields convinces me he is pretty darn good in both. But I have been a salesman and a businessman as well as an author and a lawyer, and I think in justice to the publishers it's only fair to present a few remarks on the other side of the picture. And it may be that in this instance a little business sense is more in order than the rule in Shelly's case or the *obiter dicta* of Judge Whosis in his dissenting opinion in the case of Hookem vs. Crookem.

The rule of salesmanship we always laid down for the men in our employ was: "Salesmanship is the art of translating what you have to offer into terms of the other man's needs." In other words, to be a success in business, you have to cultivate the ability to look at things from the other man's viewpoint.

About half the trouble in courts is due to the fact that most lawyers are trained to look at things from the viewpoint of their own clients, and that's the reason it's so hard to put across a business deal once the "legal departments" take a hand.

Let's look at this contest business from the viewpoint of the publishers. They want manuscripts. They want new authors. They resort to prize contests to get them out. What's wrong with that? They hire editorial staffs. For what? To pick out the sort of manuscripts some particular publishing firm thinks it can profitably sell to the public in the form of books. Whom do they get for this job? The best ability and talent they find available at the price they can afford to pay.

Now, one more question. What is the best manuscript? John Doe, who likes the Poe sort of thing, thinks it's the one with the creaking boards, the dark, haunted house, the heroine grabbed in the dark. Jimmy Roe, on the other hand, an exponent of the hardboiled type of stuff, thinks it's the yarn that begins, "I knew I was going to grab this baby and kiss her as soon as she walked into the office. I kicked the door shut behind her. 'What do you want?' I asked."

Now old man Penderhoof of the Penderhoof Publishing Company, who is putting on the contest, thinks they're all good, but the best in *his* judgment is the one that he can buy as a manuscript, print as a book, and sell as merchandise.

Is it fair to good old Penderhoof to ask him to accept the judgment of some story critic who knows nothing of the business angles, and obligate his publishing company to pay a prize, publish a story, and be stuck with a literary lemon of a type that went out of style five years ago, simply because some of the judges have kittens?

Shucks!

If Brother Hoar was called in as an attorney to represent old man Penderhoof, he'd get a manicure, a shave, and a haircut, carry his brief case into the august presence, and say right off the bat, "Now, in my opinion, you can't afford to obligate yourself to publish something that has literary merit but no commercial appeal. Your judges should either be men in whose commercial judgment you have confidence, such as your own literary editors, or you should have some cleverly worded clause that will enable you to sidestep getting stuck with a literary turkey just because a board of judges thinks it has merit. You're not a philanthropist. You're a publisher."

I don't think writers are so dumb they need a lawyer to tell them what those clauses in the contract mean. Nor can I get all steamed up over the fact that awards aren't made, but the publisher rejects the whole flock of manuscripts.

Suppose I am an embryo scribe with a burning ambition. I write a story because I have seen the ad of a book contest. The story is flopped. What do I care whether all the other stories were flopped, or only mine? The fact remains the publisher didn't want *my* story. So what? If the story is good I'll sell it somewhere. Yes I will, don't laugh.

My own first mystery books were kicked out of the offices of book publishers who now send me occasional mystery books in advance of publication asking for my opinion. They didn't like my stuff. That didn't mean it wasn't any good (or did it?). It meant they didn't like it as merchandise for their particular lists.

Sure, luck enters into it.

Some day I could write a whole yarn about how I got started in the book field and what happened.

GARDNER ON BOOK CONTESTS

In the August Author & Journalist Roger Sherman Hoar appealed for fair rules in literary contests, listing five "marked cards" which he found in the official rules of several recent events. He proposed that a joint committee, representing publishers and writers, confer and agree on standard rules. The publishers so far have not accepted this proposal.

Now comes Erle Stanley Gardner, writer of mystery stories, with a defense of publishers. Mr. Gardner feels that the latter, as business men, are entitled to set up protective rules for themselves—"marked cards"—and in this letter he gives his reasons. Mr. Hoar writes a brief rebuttal.



"Why don't we hire him to print the rules of our new literary contest?"

But don't let this idea of luck get you down, either. Luck averages up. In door-to-door canvassing a lot of luck enters into it. Perhaps you ring the bell just as Mamma has put the baby to sleep, and the bell wakes Snooky up. Or you may find the Master of the house home for that afternoon and he wants to show the ball and chain how to handle salesmen. . . . But statistics show that if you stay with it and keep on ringing doorbells, your average will be darn near mathematical. With a certain article of merchandise and a certain approach, out of so many hundred doorbells, you are absolutely certain to make a certain minimum number of sales. The folks who fall by the wayside are the ones who haven't the guts to keep on punching doorbells.

And what do we care whether the prize is in cash or in guaranteed royalties? After all, an author who wants to be worth his salt wants to make his profits from the reading public rather than the bookstore or the publisher.

When Bob Hardy got Morrow to accept my book manuscripts and wired to ask me what advance on royalties I wanted, I told him not a cent. If the publisher couldn't get it out of the public, I didn't want it. All I wanted was a chance to get my merchandise put in front of the buying public.

THE SHORT-SHORT SAUSAGE, and Other Articles of Fiction Technique, by Ralph White. Chuck Stamps, Publisher. Paper. 112 pp. \$1.00.

The odd title has a simple explanation. Critic-Agent White likens a successful short-short to a string of sausage balloons. The first, which he refers to as the "plunge opening," has about 275 words. Largest balloon is the second, about 815 words (the "unique body"). The third and fourth balloons are, respectively, the "climax or real surprise" (216 words), and the "denouement" or "twist surprise" (about 156 words). Among other discussions in this compilation are "What's Your TQ Rating? With Tests," "Are a Lot of Published Stories Lousy?" and "Critique of a Big War Novel."

The introduction is by Nancy Moore, one of whose published short-shorts is used for case study.

And those first royalties were pretty slim pickings, too. The books were considered pretty good, yet they made me only a few hundred dollars. But I kept on ringing doorbells, and the cumulative effect paid off—and how! The movies bit, then first serial rights and reprints came along, and now I can't tell you how many thousands of dollars those first books have made, because they are still making, and the royalties are still rolling in. And the radio is offering as much for a week as the first book royalties amounted to.

I think the contests help the beginning author more than any other expedient I've seen yet. I also think that if we keep on throwing mud at publishers over provisions they have a right to insert in their prize offers, they'll quit making these offers.

Then what?

Perhaps the beginning writer won't even have a chance to have his manuscript read by the publisher's editorial board. I know all of my manuscripts were read only by my publisher's editorial board.

And I've got so much confidence in the members of that board that when they tell me there's a bad place in one of my manuscripts, I fume and I sputter, but I revise that part of the manuscript. — Why? — Because I've met the men and women who make up this editorial staff personally, have learned to respect their judgment so that I feel they know more about the editorial needs of my manuscripts than I do.

We aren't, or shouldn't be, trying to trim our publishers, and I don't think they're trying to trim us. We're both trying to make money selling literary merchandise to the public. They don't care about making a "literary endowment." They want manuscripts that can be turned into merchandise.

If complaints were against the fly-by-nights, the situation would be different. But where these things are done by the top-notch firms, there's a reason for it. And if we'll only look at it from their angle, we'll see the reason for it.

Let's not kill the goose that lays the gold-plated eggs because we'd prefer to have 'em solid instead of plated.

And if I were starting in again, I'd like to take a whack at one of those contests myself. I'm a lawyer, and I can see the markings on the cards, but I don't see anything that's going to keep the writer from making a cleanup if he writes something that's good enough.

What do you care if the cards have some markers on them? They're fair provisions that I'd put in any publishing contract to protect myself. The thing to do is to figure you're going to write something the publisher just simply can't turn down.

And if it does get turned down, *keep ringing doorbells*. Judge your success and your royalties over a period of years. *And never quit*.

TWELVE WAYS TO BUILD A VOCABULARY, by Archibald Hart. World Publishing Co., 83 pp. 49 cents.

This is a first-rate manual for people who say, "He is awfully nice, and his wife is swell, and they have a terribly cute baby." Disposing of the subject of weary words, Dr. Hart deals with synonyms, antonyms, prefixes, malapropisms, slang, derivations, and other divisions of his subject. There are extensive vocabulary tests and exercises.

□ □ □ □

Beatrice Lubitz, former editor of *True Confessions*, is now story editor at Columbia Pictures in Hollywood. She would like to hear from her old writers who might have good synopses of 3000 words, or published stories that have movie plot.

WHAT I WOULD ADVISE A PUBLISHER CLIENT

By ROGER SHERMAN HOAR, Attorney at Law

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S defense of those leading and reputable publishing houses who play their literary contests with marked cards, is very welcome.

Back in 1890, when Rudyard Kipling exposed the practice of leading and reputable American publishing houses who reprinted, without payment, the literary works of British authors, three British authors (Besant, Hardy, and Black) flew to the defense of the American publishers. Kipling thereupon demolished their defense by writing one of the subtlest allegorical poems on record, "The Rhyme of the Three Captains."

I can neither impugn Mr. Gardner's motives, as Kipling did the motives of the Three Captains, nor do I possess Kipling's subtle pen. So, I shall have to file a mere lawyer's "rebuttal" to Mr. Gardner's "answer" to my "complaint."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gardner's special pleading is what we lawyers call "a plea of confession and avoidance"; i. e., one which admits the accusation and seeks to justify it. He admits that most so-called literary contests are not bona fide literary contests, and he seeks to justify this by making the assertion that publishers are publishers, not philanthropists.

Mr. Gardner says:

"If complaints were against the fly-by-nights, the situation would be different. But where these things are done by the top notch firms, there's a reason for it."

Of course, there's a reason for it!

My article wasn't intended as a complaint against marked cards—I do not doubt that, from the point of view of the publishers themselves, it is very advisable that they stack the pack—and it is perfectly okeh by me if authors wish to sit in on such a game, provided they do so with their eyes open. What I

was objecting to was the publishers pretending that the deck is *not* stacked.

I don't ask old Penderhoof to agree to publish, or even pay a prize for, a literary lemon, just because a panel of independent judges may like it. But I do insist that he refrain from advertising an independent panel, if his panel is not independent.

And it's perfectly all right for him to pay no prize, but rather merely royalties, to the winner, provided his advertising does not deliberately give the false impression that the winner gets both.

I cannot agree with Mr. Gardner that warnings are unnecessary—that the markings on the cards are obvious. Mr. Gardner answers his own contention in this connection, when he says: "I'm a lawyer, and I can see the markings on the cards." So am I, and so can I. But what about the average writer, who is *not* a lawyer? Brother Gardner, it's up to you and me, as members of the bar, to tip him off; and, believe me, your letter is even more of a tip-off than my article was.

Nor can I believe that our two exposés will "kill the goose that lays the gold-plated eggs." On the contrary, if publishers continue to use one-sided tricky rules, they will so discredit literary contests that these contests will no longer serve the two-fold purpose of discovering new writers and of giving favorable publicity to the selected manuscript.

Mr. Gardner paints an imaginary picture of me being called into legal consultation by a contest-conducting publisher, and advising him to adopt tricky clauses. No, Brother Gardner, having been, although a lawyer, an executive of one of the largest manufacturing companies of America for twenty-three years, my advice would be quite different. For my client's own sake, I would repeat what I suggested in my article; namely, that the publishers and some Authors' League sit down together and draw up a set of fair uniform contest rules.

Power Wagon, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, is looking for articles on long distance hauling of war goods, as well as on wartime maintenance of motor trucks.

Hide and Leather and Shoes, 300 W. Adams St., Chicago, is now in the market for features on new products, production methods, solutions to war problems. Payment is 1 cent a word on publication. "Better query first," suggests Ralph Bryan, editor.

The Standard Publishing Co., 8th and Cutter Sts., Cincinnati, publishers of *Junior Life*, *Girlhood Days*, and *Boy Life*, report: "For the present, we cannot use serials."

Drug Topics, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, a news paper of the industry, is being published every other week, instead of weekly, in order to conserve paper.

Commenting on the belief of one of our readers that *Redbook Magazine*, 230 Park Ave., New York, does not consider any material sent by an unestablished writer, unless it comes through an agent, Edwin Balmer, editor, writes: "This is not true."

True Confessions, 1501 Broadway, New York, wrote a contributor: "We are very sorry, but we are not purchasing any poetry now."

New Masses, formerly at 461 4th Ave., New York, is now at 104 E. 9th St.

Fiction Magazine, 295 Madison Ave., New York, has been discontinued because of the paper situation.

PATTERNS FOR LIVING, edited by Campbell, Van Gundy and Shrodes. Alternate edition—Part II. The Macmillan Co., 629 pp. \$2.00.

A compilation of modern essays, fiction, drama, and poetry, related to the general subject, "The Quest of the Individual for Adjustment to the Social Group." There are five subdivisions—The Role of Education, Ideas of Liberty and Democracy, the Challenge of Democracy, War and Peace, and The World of Tomorrow. Selections are taken from the work of about 70 writers, most of them moderns.

□ □ □ □

TO CERTAIN EDITORS

By VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Consider, hereby, deepest thanks

Are offered, sirs, to you

Who saw my verses' merits—

Sent checks where checks were due.

But thanks as deep and honest,

Beyond what words could tell,

For sending safely back again

Some things I *should* not sell!

IDEAL PREPARATION FOR A WRITING CAREER

Prize Contest Letters by A. & J. Readers

The Question

D. M. K. of Portland, Oregon, has a son, Ted, 15, with marked literary talents. The family is able to give the youth a first-class education, could finance expensive travel if such seemed advisable. The father is somewhat afraid of formal education, but is anxious to do the utmost to help his son. He wrote *The Author & Journalist* in quest of counsel.

In the July issue, quoting D. M. K.'s letter, we offered \$10 for the best letter, putting the question, "What is the Ideal Preparation for a Writing Career?"

The winning entry is now published, together with excerpts from other letters.

\$10 Prize Letter

DEEP INSIDE LIFE

By Janet Doran

Willowledge, North Swanzey, N. H.

ESSENTIALLY, the great wealth, the rich, deep bloodstream a writer taps, must be within himself. It can't be created out of subsidies and expensive education. And because it can't D. M. K.'s plans for his son, if he is over-zealous in imposing them, will only succeed in robbing the boy.

He says he is afraid of formal education—and he is thinking of Orson Welles, or perhaps John Steinback, or Fannie Hurst, or Edna Ferber. He knows about Jack London and Hemingway and Richard Harding Davis. But he has never heard of that vast legion of one-book writers who are not writers at all, but manufactured genius, assembly-line scribblers, *products of the system he now contemplates for his son.*

Let him ask publishers, editors, readers. They can tell him of a New England writer who produced a single book, after a routine Harvard education and return to his wealthy, comfortable family. They built him a studio high on a beautiful hill and furnished it with books, fireplace, radio, electric phonograph and servant. Then they tiptoed away for genius to erupt.

The result was a story of frontier days in New England, the flowering of civilization on the brambled bush of the wilderness. *A wonderful collection of paper-doll patterns.* There was not one single vigorous emotion, not one solitary instance of deep feeling, in the entire book of over 300 pages.

Our synthetic novelist had dipped his pen in the lives of great men gone before him, and let the life-stream within himself dry up. He could not take a reader by the hand and let him look into the soul of a man starving in the wilderness because he, the writer, had never missed a good, properly served meal in his life; he could not write of the surging violence inspiring the patriots of that time when Whig and Tory were sabre terms, any more than he could depict an Indian without a white man's imagination, a white man's sense of beauty and imagery, because he himself had looked on at life, looked

through the windows, but never once looked out from the living.

This Oregon boy must live before he can become a writer. If I believe this so earnestly, perhaps it is because, like other writers, I *lived*—and found I could write. I did my first stuff while my mother lay dying of an incurable disease in the room adjoining, and my only son was ill with everything a delicate child can come down with. I dug hemlock stumps out of gravel and sand so I could clear a patch and raise spinach and beet greens and spuds and string beans, and I canned them nights in the wash-boiler I did my family wash in.

I rushed across the field in a January blizzard at 20 below to help a woman in a shanty have her seventh baby; then I came back here and blasted county and town officials into sending down a doctor, getting myself on their blacklist for threatening them with publicity. I was nurse, homemaker, cook, laundress and friend in need, and just as often cursed for not being able to do more, for fifteen years. And all that time I wrote steadily, sold steadily. I never saw an editor, never knew what a publisher looked like. I was too deep inside life, living, working, suffering—and putting it down.

I was the screwball lady who wrote books in New Hampshire. The Dotty Parker wit who blasted the high and mighty, and wept with the lowly—hiding my tears behind a wisecrack at my own expense.

I never had time to go to this beautiful storehouse of wisdom and knowledge with which D. M. K. is about to endow his son. Though I read almost every printed word I could lay my hands on, even to the Five Foot Shelf, an old Britannica, and Webster's Unabridged.

I should not want my son to be a writer. I am too close to the business; I think I know too much about it. (My father was a doctor; I feel the same way about the medical profession.)

But if he had to be a writer, if he was miserable doing anything else, and came back to it again and again, I should try to help him. I should give him the tools, and then *leave him to do the job himself.*

Certainly I should not send him to England, Europe, or give him anything that isn't right here in America.

A good sound educational basis is to be had in any standard American college, be it Dartmouth, Holy Cross, M. I. T. or Georgia Tech. Gold is there, if the aspiring writer will mine and discover it for himself.

The rest is in the wheatlands of the west, the cottonfields of the south, the mines and the roads and the teeming cities, the stores and the humble cottages. It is a vivid, vigorous strength crying out for another Steinbeck, another Ferber, another Hurst to portray.

"Look to thine ownself—"

That's all there is to writing. You can't give ability to write to anyone. It can't be manufactured. And if it is pretended, the phony tinsel shines through. . . .

(Janet Doran is the author of 30 published books, and over 1000 short stories. Her latest book is "Mixed Marriage.")

FROM PEOPLE

THE purpose of all commercial writing is to entertain the reader. And that reader is Bill the farmer, John the merchant, Mike the mechanic, George the clerk, Helen the factory hand, Mary the waitress, Betty the shopgirl and Joan the stenographer. Ted should learn to know, really know, this great American composite.

There is one and only one way he can do this—by putting himself in an inferior position to a person; by being at the mercy of another, or by placing himself in a competitive capacity with other people so that fate, or his or their efforts, constantly make the balance of personal power teeter like a pair of scales, dubiously loaded.

Send Ted to college? Yes, by all means. If a writer is to be versatile, he should have all the schooling he can get. But let him get it in American surroundings if he is going to write much about Americans for Americans, especially fiction. He can always go abroad afterwards, but he should know his own country first.

Send Ted to work—in a factory, a shop, on a farm; places where he will have to confront the practical problems of daily life, where he will get the facts that he will use in his writing of the future. He will acquire knowledge of people as they are, stripped of pretense because they are lacking in security save that precariously gained by the immediate application of effort, and he will develop self-reliance, faculties of perception. His formal education will be supplemented and enriched and his talents nourished, not blighted as D. M. K. fears they might be. The school of hard knocks grants no recognized degree, gives no diplomas, but it raises the benefits of formal education like yeast in baking.

By the time he finishes high school he should have full understanding of what he likes most and can do best. He'll get plenty of English. Economics will be included as a matter of course. History is desirable, ancient, modern European and American, in order to train the mind in reasoning and analysis, and to properly evaluate the present by the past. Biology and chemistry are useful subjects if a writer wants to do detective and pseudo-science fiction.

Ted will get the most information, pleasing, interesting, intriguing, sometimes disillusioning, as well as the best insight into character from the flesh-and-blood subjects of the ever-changing drama of life. He will get the most out of people from the people themselves.—RENE RENOARDT DE ROUGOMONT, 120 W. 82nd St., New York, N. Y.

COLLEGE IN NEW YORK

Yes, college for Ted. But only because his parents are financially able to give him a first-class education. If he had to work his way through, no. That takes too much strength and time from one's writing and college work. I speak from experience.

I believe the very best college for a writer is New York University. I talked last evening with a girl who took summer school classes in radio writing there, and already has one of the pleasantest radio jobs in New York. She told me how the students were taken around to the big radio stations here, and given contacts through the head of the school they could never have gotten for themselves. And, believe me, contacts are more important than training, even than talent or genius. One can starve with genius; Stephen Foster did, and other writers. Knowing the right people is everything in the writing game—assuming, of course, one can write.

Her college got this girl her job. That's why I



"Jackson is preparing himself for a writing career!"

say N. Y. U. is the best college for any writer. It's important to be in New York, of course. You can meet the nation's editors here. You're apt to meet some socially. You're sure to be recommended to some by your instructors at N. Y. U., if you're good enough. You can call on nearly all the editors and publishers of the country, and you can't do that in any other town.

Columbia University is the second-best college for writers. The courses are good, not quite so well tied up with the top editors, but certainly second-best. Because it is in New York, and has excellent writing instructors, it is my second choice. After that, I'd say any college in New York City, or near enough for one to run in and see editors and go to writers' meetings and parties.

For the one thing Ted must have is the closest friendship with the greatest number of the best writers living, and with editors and publishers. No one told me that, ever. It is just chance that I have been thrown among great writers. But to that chance I owe everything—to that, and the fact that I was born to a literary family, and from the first all my training was for writing. Best luck to Ted, and to his home town, Portland, Oregon, because it's my own home town, too.—MISS MARY CAROLYN DAVIES, 65 East 11 St., New York City.

□ □ □ □

LUCKY

By WILLIAM W. PRATT

The little words made sentences
And sentences made paragraphs.
He laid the latter end to end
And chapters thus occurred.

The chapters, forming rapidly,
Were soon a lengthy novelette;
And what is most remarkable,
He got a cent a word.

THE STUDENT WRITER

CONDUCTED BY WILLARD E. HAWKINS

LVI—THE FINAL CLINCH

PULP love fiction stresses the romantic rather than the passionate aspect of attraction between the sexes. The predominating atmosphere is of moonlight and roses. Lovers sigh rather than burn for each other; the man looks at his maid with adoration rather than primitive desire. Still, in the Awakening Kiss and the heroine's memories of it, we find more than a suggestion of physical thrills. Take such phrases as these: "He held her slim, athletic body hard to him"; "a hard, demanding kiss"; "as if touched by a slow-burning fire, she caught the thrill and fervor of him and grew tense"; "his mouth covered hers with a fierceness and passion that burned into her very soul"; "his lips moved to her throat, and white fire poured through her whole slim body"; "he kissed her until she was weak and shaken and the world was nothing but the thrilling touch of his lips and arms." These are hardly attempts to depict love as a wholly ethereal experience.

And yet, paradoxically, the general purpose of each story is to represent love in a tender, romantic, exalted aspect.

We may explain the paradox by suggesting that the reader is treated to the vicarious thrills of physical passion in the climactic scenes because this is the surest way to insure an intense emotional reaction. Regardless of how ennobling and tender it may be, chaste romantic love does not cause the pulse to race. Ecstasy and swooning delight flow from physical passion, not from high-minded devotion. Yet the fiction must be maintained that sentimental love is the force actuating hero and heroine in their yearning for each other. So, having secured an intense emotional reaction by depicting a purely sensuous experience, the author reverts to the sentimental strain, and by the time the story is over, the experience has been so transmuted that the reader believes she was set a-tingle by the romance of the situation rather than by the thought of physical bodies in contact.

Since the same transmutation quite customarily occurs in life, this can hardly be condemned as a distortion.

How otherwise shall we account for the very marked drop in intensity which usually occurs in the final scene involving the reunion of the lovers? The alternative explanation is that the author is too lazy or indifferent to bother about putting thrills into the final scene. Having exhausted his or her emotional vocabulary in the awakening kiss, the author is concerned only with getting the story over as quickly as possible.

This explanation hardly seems to click. It is much more plausible to assume that the author permits the let-down in order that the reader may forget what actually caused her pulses to race. The final impression is that of a happily united pair entering upon a rosy dream of sweet and enduring devotion.

Some authors may follow this pattern deliberately. With the majority, it is probably instinctive. Formulas develop largely through trial and error. Certain

developments prove popular with readers, while others fail. The successful developments are imitated and gradually become part of the formula, whether consciously recognized or not.

Having argued our point, we proceed now to illustrate it with examples of the fadeout clinch from the thirty yarns under review. Note, then, the usually chaste and unimpassioned flavor of this final kiss, as contrasted with the much more intense awakening kiss reviewed in our July and August installments.

1. Portrait of a Lady.

And then, once more, Clover was in Spense's arms with even the fabulous moonlight and the perfume of the night blotted out by the magic of his words.

"It's just you for me, Clover, and me for you always and forever." They were the most wonderful words Clover had ever heard. She would never forget them.

2. It's You Forever.

She walked into his arms, buried her red head against his broad, leather-covered chest. His lips tasted the salt tears on her cheeks.

"Golly! You've been crying for me! Why?"

"Because I love you," she murmured. Soon he would have to fly away from her, but now she was safe in his arms. She must make this moment last forever. She lifted her lips to him and commanded, "Kiss me, partner!"

"O. K., partner!" he said, as he obeyed.

(Contrast with the Awakening Kiss: "He kissed her thrillingly, thoroughly . . . crushing her lips, the magnetic power of his big body surging through her." etc.)

4. "My Heart Is My Own."

"Yorke . . . sprang to his feet, happiness flooding into his face. "Lisa! You mean it!"—not daring to touch her, afraid to believe.

Lisa's violet eyes were shining. "You lug! Of course I mean it. Must I do all the proposing? I know I've been a silly little fool, but maybe if you beat, or kissed, some sense into me—"

Suddenly, she found herself held tightly in his arms. "I'm thinking kissing will be efficient," he said.

(Contrast with: "He jerked her to her feet roughly, pulled her close to him . . . kissed her—a hard demanding kiss . . . kissed her again and again until she was speechless . . . Yorke's kisses burned on her lips.")

If the final kiss evinces a tendency to get out of hand emotionally, there is likely to be some attempt to divert attention, leaving an inference that the kiss is a casual side issue to romance—a gay, inconsequential detail. This may take the form of an interruption or perhaps a wisecrack. Thus:

5. What's In a Kiss.

. . . and then Gay was in his arms. This time her lips were warm and responsive, thrilling to the rapture of his. She clung to him, laughing and crying, happier than she had ever been in all her romance-starved career.

Out of the deep well of her ecstasy Gay heard a remembered warning sound. She stiffened instinctively, clutching Joel's lapel.

"Darling, the cops! We'll have to get out of here! You'd better take me back to the porch for the next installment."

8. Love Is Blacked Out.

And Greg did not waste words. He kissed the fingers and her eyes and her mouth. Then holding her tight against his heart, he warned her: "I'm going into the army . . . I don't know where we'll be sent, or what may be ahead of us—"

"Does it matter?" whispered Paula. "We'll have each other." And they kissed again gravely, without fear or restriction.

Gloriously the all clear signal had sounded for the love that had been so long blacked out.

(Contrast with: "his heart pounding against hers . . . her lips shaped themselves to his . . . His lips moved to her throat and white fire poured through her whole slim body. . . . She drew his lips back to hers. She could not have enough of him. It was living and it was dying. It was madness . . . madness that was destruction.")

10. Glamour in the Heart.

"Why don't you tell me how you feel?" she said. "After all, I'm the one who's supposed to be interested."

Peter laughed. He told her. It took several blocks and it left her well askew and her lipstick smudged. But her eyes were wells of happiness.

(Contrast with: "It was the kiss she'd dreamed of . . . She lifted her body to meet it, standing on tiptoe, her arms eager, her lips willing . . . Peter held her close, straining her to him . . . He kissed her—her mouth, her hair, her throat, the petal soft lobes of her ears and again her mouth . . . as a man who has crossed an endless desert would sink himself in a spring of crystal water.")

This one is a trifle hotter than the average:

15. I'll Never Love Again.

Her head fell back against the shabby leather upholstery of the taxi, pinned there by the savage pressure of Noel's kiss. His arms were so hard around her and trembled with the passionate hunger of his love.

Minutes later, he asked huskily, "Are you persuaded, Witch?"

"Not quite," she whispered. "Persuade me again, Noel."

19. Today Is Ours.

Jeff leaped to his feet, pulling her into his arms. "Joan, I don't know what to say. You're so—so splendid! And I've been so stupid and selfish."

Joan silenced him with her lips against his.

"Don't, Jeff, that's all past. Our love is greater than we are . . ."

"Yes," he said, "our love is great enough for any test."

(Contrast with: "Then, fiercely, passionately, he crushed her to him, kissing her eyes, her hair, the throbbing hollow of her throat . . . his ardent mouth found hers, closing over it in a breathtaking moment of ecstasy.")

20. Hearts In Waiting.

"My darling, do I dare ask you to wait for me?" "No!" She was smiling now and her heart was a wild burst of song. "I've been waiting for you ever since I was sixteen. Ken. I'm quite sure that I can't wait any longer!"

He was standing in the middle of the street with water almost to his ankles when he kissed her. But neither of them minded. The rain was a caress on their faces.

(Contrast with: ". . . his lips came down on hers, warm, tender, and demanding . . . swiftly, savagely, he jerked her to him. His lips closed over hers and Jocelyn found herself clinging to him in frank abandon. There was new madness in their kiss that raced through her in tiny, licking flames.")

26. Love Saboteur.

His mouth stopped any remarks Fran might have made. But her lips gave Dev more promise than any words could have.

(Contrast with: "she clung to him with a blind, unreasoning passion . . .")

Our study of the love-pulp will round out next month with comments on some additional phases which deserve at least incidental mention. Thereafter, the purpose is to analyze other types of love story—those found in the slicks, the women's magazines, and books. Does the pulp love formula apply in whole or in part to these? We shall try, at least, to find an answer.

PRACTICE SUGGESTIONS

1. Check examples of your own selection to see whether you find a contrast between the passionate awakening kiss and the sentimental, restrained, final kiss.

2. Write closing scenes of real or imaginary stories, in which lovers have come together after a separation or misunderstanding.

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By Willard E. Hawkins

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COMIC MAGAZINES

Compiled by Scott Feldman

ACE MAGAZINES, 67 W. 44th St., New York. Four Favorite Comics; Super Mystery Comics. Completely staff-written. Frederick Gardiner.

CINEMA COMICS, INC., 45 W. 45th St., New York. America's Best Comics; Best Comics; The Black Terror; Coo-coo Comics; Exciting Comics; Fighting Yank Comics; Funny Funnies; Major Hoople Comics; Real Funnies; Real Life Comics; Startling Comics; Thrilling Comics; Happy Comics; Ha Ha Comics; Giggle Comics. Comic magazine division of the Standard (Leo Margulies) pulp house. Hughes is wide-open for material—fiction dealing with his characters, true hero stuff, animated, 1500 word set-up-in-types. Richard E. Hughes. \$2.50 pg., basic.

CLASIC COMICS, 6 W. 46th St., New York. One magazine-length adaptation of a classic like "The Prince and the Pauper" or "The Arabian Nights" each month, on assignment. Write for assignment, or drop in to see them if you live in or near New York. Gail Hillson. \$75 for the job, which also includes two assigned pages of fact set-up-in-type.

COLUMBIA COMIC GROUP, 370 Lexington Ave., New York. Big Shot Comics. Syndicate reprints. No outside material. Vin Sullivan.

COMIC HOUSE, INC., 114 E. 32nd St., New York. Boy Comics; Crime Does Not Pay Comics; Daredevil Comics; Captain Battle. Market for fiction dealing with characters in their books and true crime stories. Bob Wood and Charles Biro. \$2.50 pg. (Sometimes slow.)

DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. (See also **WHITMAN PUBLISHING CO.**), 200 5th Ave., New York. New Funnies; Popular Comics. No market; syndicate reprints. Charles Saxon.

FAMOUS FUNNIES, INC., 500 4th Ave., New York. Famous Funnies; Heroic Comics; Jingle Jangle Comics; Skyman. Wide open for fiction dealing with characters in Heroic, true war hero stories, animated and 2-page fact and fiction set-up-in-types. Stephen A. Douglas. \$2.50 up per pg. for scripts; \$25 flat for the set-up-in-types.

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1501 Broadway, New York. Captain Marvel Adventures; Captain Marvel, Jr.; Captain Midnight; Don Winslow of the Navy; Funny Animals; Master Comics; Whiz Comics; Wow Comics. Excellent market for fiction based on characters in their books and animated stuff. Rod Reed. \$3 basic; often much higher.

FEATURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1790 Broadway, New York. Prize Comics. Small market, some fiction based on characters in their books. Jerry Gale. Around \$2.50.

FICTION HOUSE, INC., 461 8th Ave., New York. Fight Comics; Jumbo Comics; Jungle Comics; Planet Comics; Ranger Comics; Wings Comics. Completely staff-written. Larabee Cunningham.

FUNNIES, INC., 49 W. 45th St., New York. This is an agency which supplies fiction stories to various comic houses. Query for details. Edith Ross. \$2 up; sometimes slow.

ALFRED HARVEY, PUBLISHER, 67 W. 44th St., New York. All-New Comics; Green Hornet Comics; Hello Pal Comics; War Victory Comics. Wide-open market for fiction based on characters in their books. 4, 6, 8-page originals, and true war hero yarns. Leon Harvey. Around \$2, \$2.50 pg., up.

HILLMAN PERIODICALS, INC., 1476 Broadway, New York. Air Fighter Comics. Market for air-war fiction based on characters in their book. Edward Cronin. \$2.50 basic.

HOLYOKE MAGAZINE PRESS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. Blue Beetle Comics, Captain Aero Comics. Small market. Some fiction based on characters in their books. Mr. Ulmer. \$2.50. (Sometimes slow.)

K. K. PUBLICATIONS, INC., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Super Comics. No market. Syndicate reprints.

DAVID MCKAY CO., 608 S. Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. Ace Comics; King Comics; Magic Comics. Syndicate reprints.

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, INC., 60 Hudson St., New York. Archie Comics; Hangman Comics; Jackpot Comics; Jolly Jingles; Peg Comics; Shield-Wizard Comics; Top-Notch Laugh Comics; Zip Comics. This is the comic magazine division of the Double-Action (Louis Silberkleit) pulp group. Wide-open for fiction based on M. L. J. characters and animated stuff. Harry Shorten. \$2.50 basic, occasionally way up.

PARENTS' COMIC GROUP, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. Calling All Girls; Real Heroes; True Comics; True Aviation Comics. Probably the best market for true material of all types. Be sure to state information sources when submitting material. Elliott Caplin. \$3 basic; generally upwards of that price.

QUALITY COMIC GROUP, 420 Lexington Ave., New York. Crack Comics; Dollman; Feature Comics; Hit Comics; Military Comics; National Comics; Police Comics; Uncle Sam Comics. Greatly in need of fiction scripts based on characters in their books. George Brenner. \$3, way up. This firm occasionally pays the highest rates in the field.

STREET & SMITH, INC., 79 7th Ave., New York. Bill Barnes Comics; Doc Savage Comics; Red Dragon Comics; Shadow Comics; Superstrike Comics; Super-Magician Comics; True Sport Comics. Very small market here, since most of their stuff comes from regular writers. They do buy some stuff, however—fiction about their lead characters, and some true material with aviation, sports, or war angle. William De Grouchy.

SUPERMAN, INC., 480 Lexington Ave., New York. Action Comics; Adventure Comics; All American Comics; All Flash Comics; All Star Comics; Batman; Boy Commandos; Comic Cavalcade Detective Comics; Flash Comics; More Fun Comics; Mutt and Jeff; Sensation Comics; Star Spangled Comics; Superman; Wonder Woman Comics; Picture Stories from the Bible. One of the most reliable firms in the field, as well as the largest. Greatly in need of fiction based on their characters. Jack Schiff. \$3, way up.

TIMELY PUBLICATIONS, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York. All Winner Comics; Captain America; Human Torch; Kid Komiks; Komedey Komiks; Krazy Komiks; Joker Comics; Marvel Comics; Miss Fury; Select Comics; Sub-Mariner Comics; U. S. A. Comics; Young Allies. Market for fiction scripts based on characters in their books and animated stuff. Vincent Fago. \$3 basic.

UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, 220 E. 42nd St., New York. Comics on Parade; Sparkler Comics; Tip-Top Comics. Syndicate reprints.

WHITMAN PUBLISHING CO., 200 5th Ave., New York. War Heroes Comics. Edits and buys material for Dell's non-reprint comic, War Heroes. Wide open for good true hero yarns. Also in market for animated stuff for Animal Comics, Fairy Tale Parade, Our Gang Comics. Oscar Le Beck. Rates according to quality.

(Mr. Feldman's complete analysis of comic magazine material appeared in the September issue under the title, "Try the Comics!" He will gladly reply to inquiries. Address him in care of The Author & Journalist.)

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LITERARY MARKET TIPS

The Outdoorsman, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, W. L. Rarey, editor, stresses the fact that articles on fishing, hiking, and other outdoor sports should be instructive, not merely interesting. Payment is promised on acceptance "on basis of worth to us." The magazine is published bi-monthly.

Farm Journal and Farmers' Wife, Washington Square, Philadelphia, announces that M. Glenn Kirkpatrick, for more than 20 years associate editor of the magazine, has been promoted to managing editor.

The Step Ladder, 4917 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, is in the market for little stories not exceeding 300 words (stories, not mere anecdotes) to be published on its Last Page. Literary quality is important. Rachel Albright is Last Page editor.

The Leatherneck, Marine Barracks, 8th and I Sts., Washington, D. C., will be published in a new format starting with the December issue. The new publication will be 10 x 13 inches, and will be printed in rotogravure. It will be restyled editorially to fit the Marine Corps of today, with better picture coverage, more emphasis on technical articles and direct battle front coverage from all the large Marine Corps bases.

The Pathfinder, recently acquired by Graham Patterson, publisher of *Farm Journal and Farmer's Wife*, Washington Square, Philadelphia, has as its new editor-in-chief, Robert West Howard, associate editor of *Farm Journal*.

Columbia Publications, Inc., Double Action Group, 60 Hudson St., New York, announces that Robert Lowndes is the new editorial director of all the magazines in the group. He replaces Cliff Campbell.

Ten Detective Aces, 67 W. 44th St., New York, is now being edited by Donald A. Wollheim.

World at War, 19 W. 44th St., New York, is reported to pay 2½ cents a word, on acceptance, for good first and third person stories about the war and war experiences. Ana Maher, former editor of *War News Illustrated*, is editor.

War News Illustrated, 103 Park Ave., New York, is now edited by Roger Roden.

Herbert Dubler, Inc., 251 4th Ave., New York 10, writes that due to extended absence of their text editor on account of illness, there was unavoidable delay in reporting on greeting card verses submitted in response to an advertisement carried in the May A. & J. However, the secretary writes that checks have now been sent to all whose work could be used to advantage.

Wine & Liquor Retailer, 381 4th Ave., New York 1, Clark Gavin, editor, has completed plans for the rejuvenated magazine, and hereafter will pay \$10 a page, and bonuses for good photographs. Instead of fractional pay for fractional pages on feature articles, compensation will be made on half-page units. Minimum rate for news is 50 cents even if only one item is published. The news section is being expanded, and the magazine is a wide open market for half-page, one-and-a-half, and two-page features detailing how local package liquor store operators, by ingenuity and diligence, have licked some of today's prob-

lems. Photographic illustrations, examples of ads or other applicable art work should accompany all articles. If an interview can be obtained with a top-notch designer or manufacturing laboratory producing materials used by package liquor store operators, such stories will be welcome either in straight interview or ghost form. Such articles should run to one or two pages, and be illustrated either with the designer's sketches, laboratory photographs or photos of what's to be replaced by the new developments the editorial material discusses. One-half to page and a half features based on interviews with successful wine merchants, wine wholesalers or producers, on present-day and post-war subjects, are also wanted. Manuscript inventory for this department is particularly low. The new \$10 a page rate is considerably higher than the former 1 cent a word rate.

Look, 511 5th Ave., New York, announces the following additions to its editorial department: William Kostka, formerly publicity director of NBC and the Institute of Public Relations, and former managing editor of Fawcett Publications, assistant to Daniel D. Mich, *Look's* executive editor; Jack Guenther, former sports editor, West Coast editor; Frank Graham, for years the leading sports columnist of the *New York Sun*, new sports editor, Helen Thompson, formerly food editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*, food and homemaking editor.

The Living Church, 744 N. 4th St., Dept. JY, Milwaukee, Wis., uses paid correspondents, experienced in news gathering, to keep its readers informed of events in every diocese and missionary district.

Children's Playmate Magazine, listed in our Quarterly Market List without a street address, is located at 3025 E. 75th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

John Hix, 6362 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif., producer of the syndicated feature "Strange As It Seems," writes the A. & J.: "In view of the fact that I have found it necessary to hire a full-time research staff, I am not in a position to pay for unsolicited material. I have never made it a practice to pay for ideas."

Living Poetry, 506 Maple Ave., La Porte, Ind., a newcomer in the field of poetry quarterlies, can make no payment for accepted material at present, but beginning with the Winter issue, out about December 1, 1943, will offer several book prizes for the best poems in each issue. The judges will be the subscribers themselves as well as the editorial and advisory boards. Such features as "Modest Beginnings and Early Printings of the Poets," and "Meet the Poets Without Their Muses" will be a part of each issue. Editors are Margaret and Henry Dierkes.

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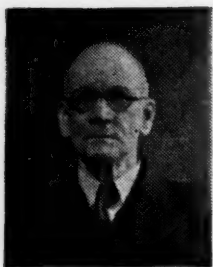
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Test Yourself, 2638 S. Sherman, Denver, Colo., is in the market for psychological self-help quizzes. Mrs. J. F. Ferguson, of the editorial department, writes: "The slant must be popular and based on universal human appeals, as suggested by these title hints: 'How Good a Parent Are You?' 'How Much Do You Know About Women?' 'Are You Working On The Right Job?'" Approximately half of the article should be questions, the remainder analysis of the reader on the basis of his answers. Caution: Don't be too severe; encouragement is more helpful than harsh criticism. We offer ½ cent to 1½ cents on acceptance."

Photographic Trade News, 381 4th Ave., New York, is in need of good feature material on distinctive merchandising stunts, outstanding window displays, etc., from established photographic shops. Wherever possible a good picture should accompany. "If necessary," advises C. Feldman, "arrange with the photographer so that he gets a picture which is interesting as well as technically acceptable."

Jewelers' Circular-Keystone, 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., in a recent bulletin to correspondents, gives this advice on how to get a jewelry store feature: "Just ask the jewelers! This sort of story never comes along like manna from heaven as a story in the local paper from which you can rewrite. Go to see people—even if it's just to confirm facts on a small news story that appeared in a local paper (incidentally, it's always a good idea to check facts as a matter of safety.) Take the trouble to start a conversation and find out what's new in the store—what are the owner's opinions on present and post-war sales?—how is he filling gaps in his peacetime lines of merchandise?—has he found a new way to get people into his store?—a new way to get return visits from passing customers?—has he a new display that's pulling compliments? Take the trouble to find out—it pays in cash." Seasonal stuff is always in demand—and what is more, the magazine will pay for it *this* year, though it can't be used till next.

Trail-O-News, 5634 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif., a quarterly edited by Jean Jacques, formerly editor *Western Trailer Life*, is interested in news, features, and pictures of trailer life, trailer parks, trailer travel, trailer dealers, trailer manufacturers. Circulation is chiefly to trailer owners and trailer parks. Outside limit for articles is 1500 words. Rates, tentatively set, are not lower than ½ cent per word, and range upward. Fifty cents and up is paid for photos. Editor suggests querying first. Writers may receive a sample copy by making the request on their own stationery.

World at War, 19 W. 44th St., New York, asks writers to query first on article ideas.

—1923—Twentieth Anniversary—1943—

Talent Hunt and \$2000 2-for-1 Prize Contest

EXACTLY FIVE YEARS AGO this month, this agency celebrated its fifteenth year of service to authors and publishers with a \$2,000 prize contest and talent hunt. The winner of the thousand-dollar prize has earned distinction, not only as a writer of fiction and articles, but of many motion pictures featuring the greatest stars of the screen. Other prize winners have vindicated our judgment of their ability by distinguishing themselves in their various writing fields, as have many of those who, though failing to win prizes, received honorable mention. We are hopeful that this, our twentieth anniversary

contest, will develop equally brilliant talent. Have you been "hiding your light under a bushel"? You can't garner fame or fortune from manuscripts stored in a drawer or trunk. Here is your opportunity to submit two manuscripts for the price of one to an author, critic, and international literary agent who is not only a successful writer himself, but has helped hundreds of other writers to scale the heights of literary success. Write today for free circular A-10, with all contest details and entry coupon.

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Critical Assistance

Hotel Management, 71 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, is over-inventoried right now, according to J. S. Warren, editor, but the probabilities are that inventory will have shrunk to reasonable proportions by the first of the year. Mr. Warren suggests that it is always better for correspondents to outline in advance, and in letter form, article ideas before submission of manuscripts. Top rate is 2½ cents a word, not 5 cents a word, as previously carried in our Quarterly Market List.

Christian Science Monitor, 1 Norway St., Boston, is no longer in the market for juvenile serials, or verse.

Ladies Home Journal, Independence Sq., Philadelphia, reports a specific need for stories featuring modern life and romance, and articles of special interest to women. Serials must have action and emotional strength. U. S. settings are preferred but other scenes are accepted. Payment is made on acceptance, according to quality.

American Druggist, 572 Madison Ave., New York, has an interesting word rate scale, designed to promote conciseness and eliminate loose writing. For the first 500 words of a manuscript, 3 cents is paid, for the second 500 words, 2 cents, and over 1000, 1 cent. Thus a 500-word story is worth \$15, a 1000-word story, \$25, and a 1500-word story, \$30. John McPherrin, editor, has prepared an outline of *American Druggist* Editorial Purpose and Policy, which is an invaluable aid to trade journal writers. Subjects are divided into 6 classifications: *Professional Pharmacy*—Prescription Problems and Promotion; Pharmacy College policies; Relations with Doctors, 500 to 1500 words; *Promotion Ideas, Success Stories*—Soda Fountain, Cosmetics, Baby Items, First Aid, Supplies; Vitamins, Veterinary Supplies, etc.; Sundries, Magazines, Games, Rubber Goods, etc.; Store Promotion in community (Windows, Direct Mail, Newspapers, Radio, Community Civic Activity), 350 to 700 words with photograph or exhibit material; *Store Operation*—Store Appearance, Lighting, Decorating, Arrangement; Store Records (Accounting, Reports, Forms), 350 to 700 words with photograph or exhibit material; *Place of Women in Pharmacy*—As owners and operators of drug stores; as wives or daughters actually working in store or in community life representing the store, 350 to 700 words; *Human Interest Stories about Both Men and Women in Pharmacy*—Hobbies, Civic Activities, Talents in the Arts, Aid to Law Enforcement, Heroic Service (in civilian life; in armed forces), 100 to 250 words; *War Problems of Druggists*—Regulations such as O.P.A., Shortage of Merchandise, Development of new activities for drug store, Shortage of help, 350 to 700 words. To writers earnestly endeavoring to serve *American Druggist*, Editor McPherrin offers the utmost in help and encouragement.

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Grafton Publications, 270 North Circular Road, Dublin, Ireland, publishers of a group of magazines covering all interests from woman and home to popular magazines for the masses, would like to contact American authors with Irish blood in their veins with a view to arranging for the second rights of some of their short stories or articles in these publications which circulate throughout Ireland. Rates would fall far below American rates, but the publishers believe such authors would consider payment secondary to the satisfaction of having their work appear in the land of their or their forefathers' birth. Both fiction and non-fiction are desired, and prompt acknowledgment to every sender and prompt payment for all work published are promised.

True Confessions, 1501 Broadway, New York, Pauline Reaves, editor, reports its greatest need is for shorts of 6500 words and less. "I'd like to suggest," writes Miss Reaves, "that they not be too closely affiliated with the war." *True Confessions* is no longer carrying serials, but will run one 10,000 word novelette in each issue.

Modern Romances, 149 Madison Ave., New York, Hazel L. Berge, editor, informs that the two lengths most interesting at this time are book-lengths, 15,000 to 20,000 words, and novelettes, 10,000 to 12,000 words. "The two age groups we are most anxious to interest," writes Miss Berge, "are young wives about 19 to 24 years of age—girls with maybe one or two children, and unmarried girls of 20 or under." The third type of story always good is the family story. Rates are 2½ cents up, with quick report promised.

Contemporary Poetry, 4204 Roland Ave., Baltimore, Md., Mary Owings Miller, editor, announces that the magazine is now paying for all poems used, and therefore discontinuing prizes. This new policy went into effect after the spring issue, 1943.

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IMPORTANT MORALE TOPICS

The Magazine Bureau of OWI, in its bulletin covering November and December magazines, lists Food Fights for Freedom as the No. 1 Morale Topic. Other subjects—New Plans for the War on High Prices, On Everyday Dealings with the Disabled, Social Workers Needed, Supplying Civilian Needs, Education in the Armed Forces, Cross Roads of Three Continents, National War Fund, About Iceland, Red Cross Juniors at Work, and Stove Rationing.

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PRIZE CONTESTS

The Poetry Society of Colorado announces its Fourth Annual Nation-wide contest for unpublished poems on the American Scene. Poems must be written upon topics of today, but must not exceed 50 lines. Only one poem may be submitted by a contestant. Title, first line of poem, and name of group in which poem is to be entered, must appear on outside of a sealed envelope that contains author's name. Contest is open to four groups: Colleges (Gladys Vondy Robertson, 1252 Corona St., Denver); Federated Women's Clubs (Nellie Townley, 960 Fifth Ave., Longmont); International Viewpoint (Elisabeth Kuskulis, 1478 Elizabeth St., Denver); Writers at Large (Ida K. Tilton, 650 Downing St., Denver). Poems should be mailed to the chairman of the group in which it is entered. Winner of first place in each group will be awarded \$5 from the Daisy E. Robinson Memorial Fund and the Chairman of each group. For the poem adjudged the best of the four winning poems, a grand prize of \$10 will be given by the Chairman of the American Scene Contest, Ida K. Tilton. Contest closes March 1, 1944. Prizes will be awarded during Poetry Week, the last week in May. A stamped self-addressed envelope must accompany any poem if it is to be returned.

Your Invitation to Success!

16 More New Writers Will Be Awarded Free Periods of Lenniger Help During October and November

Of the eight new writers to whom we awarded prizes in the August, 1943, portion of our Beginners' Contest, six have already received our checks from their stories. And, if you act immediately, you can still earn a free period of the same help with which we have for 20 years developed new writers into professionals in every literary field. Beginners who were launched through our previous contests have since sold to such leading magazines as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *American*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Esquire*, *Country Gentleman*, *Liberty*, *Collier's*, *This Week*, etc., down through the secondary slicks and all the leading true detective, confession and pulp markets.

Eight Prizes Worth \$1,000 Each Month

During October and November, we will each month select eight new writers whose manuscripts indicate the most promising possibilities and will give them our help as indicated below, entirely free except for our regular agency commission on sales:

	Value
1st Prize: My help on 500,000 words submitted within 1 year.....	\$500.00
2nd Prize: My help on 250,000 words submitted within 6 months.....	250.00
3rd Prize: My help on 125,000 words submitted within 3 months.....	125.00
4th Prize: My help on 50,000 words submitted within 3 months.....	50.00
5th and 6th: My help on 25,000 words (2 prizes, (each worth \$25.00).....	50.00
7th and 8th: My help on 12,500 words (2 prizes, each worth \$12.50).....	25.00
Total Value of Prizes each month.....	\$1,000.00

The Beginners' Contest is open to all writers who have not sold more than \$500 worth of manuscripts during 1943. All you need do to enter is to submit at least 2,000 words of fiction or non-fiction for agency service at our regular rates to new writers of \$2.50 for manuscripts up to 2,000 words; \$5.00 on scripts between 2,000 and 5,000 words; \$1.00 per thousand on those 5-12,000. (Special rates for novelettes and novels.) For these fees your unsalable scripts will be given detailed constructive criticisms, with revision and replot advice on those which can be made salable; salable stories are immediately recommended to actively buying editors.

Full Contest Information, our booklet "Practical Literary Help" and latest market news letter on request.

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This Is What a Beginners' Contest Prize May Do For YOU . . .

1st Prize Winner, August, 1942



Maurine Gee

She wanted to write for the love pulps and told us she "liked her criticism straight." As a result of such constructive criticism and advice, in the year since she received her contest prize, we have sold 15 of her stories to such leading romance magazines as *All Story Love*, *New Love*, *Romance*, *Popular Love*, *Thrilling Love*, etc.

4th Prize Winner, November, 1942



H. Wolff Salz

We sold his first short story last November after he had revised it in line with our criticisms and suggestions. Up to September 1st, 1943, we have sold 19 of his stories to *Detective Story*, *Detective Tales*, *Shadow*, *Popular Detective*, *Ten Detective Aces*, etc.

1st Prize Winner, November, 1942



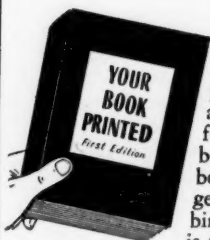
Felix Flammonde

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WHEN THE HOBBYIST WRITES

By **VICTOR A. CROLEY**

FOR the most part, the various small publications devoted to hobbies and avocations offer a poor market. Circulation and revenue from advertising are small, seldom permitting payment at very generous rates for acceptable manuscripts, often allowing no payment at all.

Your rabid hobbyist does not require payment. He is satisfied at seeing his name in print, and in telling others about his hobby enthusiasms. But if you are a more practical-minded hobbyist, or if payment in some manner is desirable, there are ways and means by which this can be arranged.

My first hobby was stamp collecting. It is estimated that 9,000,000 men, women, boys, and girls collect stamps in this country. Yet there are only half a dozen publications devoted to the hobby and these, for the most part, are of comparatively small circulation, unable to pay for the editorial material they require.

Contacting several editors, I found that they often had collectors' supplies which they were forced to take in settlement of advertising accounts. Immediately I worked out a barter arrangement by which I exchanged my manuscripts for albums and other collectors' paraphernalia.

From exchanging manuscripts for collectors' supplies, it was only a step to exchanging manuscripts for advertising space and I was soon launched as a part-time stamp dealer—a venture which proved happily profitable, largely because the advertising cost was charged as profit on my writing.

Later on, I tired of stamp collecting and turned to amateur mineralogy and the collecting of mineral specimens. The followers of this hobby are considerably less than the number who collect stamps, but there are three or four small magazines of limited circulation catering to amateur rock-collectors and mineralogists. Again I was able to arrange with several editors to exchange advertising space in return for manuscripts.

My first problem was to find something to advertise. I finally prepared a small manual of "Prospecting for Gold and Valuable Minerals." This turned out to be an article of about 3000 words which I had mimeographed and bound by staples with a blue paper cover somewhat like a lawyer's brief. I offer it for 25 cents, and enclose with it another mimeographed sales sheet offering my small stock of surplus mineral specimens.

The arrangement is one that could be worked out by many other writers with hobbies, in addition to writing. The only disturbing factor is that sooner or later the question is bound to arise: "What am I—writer, hobbyist, or operator of a mail order business?"

□ □ □ □

WRITER'S LAMENT

By **GRACE HARPER DAY**

Almost everyone feels gay

On a legal holiday.

I, it seems, am always blue;

Mailmen take the day off, too!

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"FORTY DOLLARS A MONTH Writing Fillers," Methods, Markets, 25c; "Rural Writer Plan" gets beginners' checks, 25c; "Pay Side of Poetry Writing," examples, markets, 50c; **GLORIA PRESS**, 1926½ Bonsallo, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

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15 ANNIVERSARY Ideas: 1944. 10c stamp. Midland, 250 Child, Rochester, N. Y.

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"The thoroughness with which you handled my manuscript was a complete surprise to me. I expected a routine criticism, but received an easy-to-remember education in story construction PLUS composition which surpasses what I was taught in four years at college." (*)

(*) Names on request.

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- Detailed editorial requirements of book publishers in U. S., England, and Canada.
- Detailed requirements of all syndicates.
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